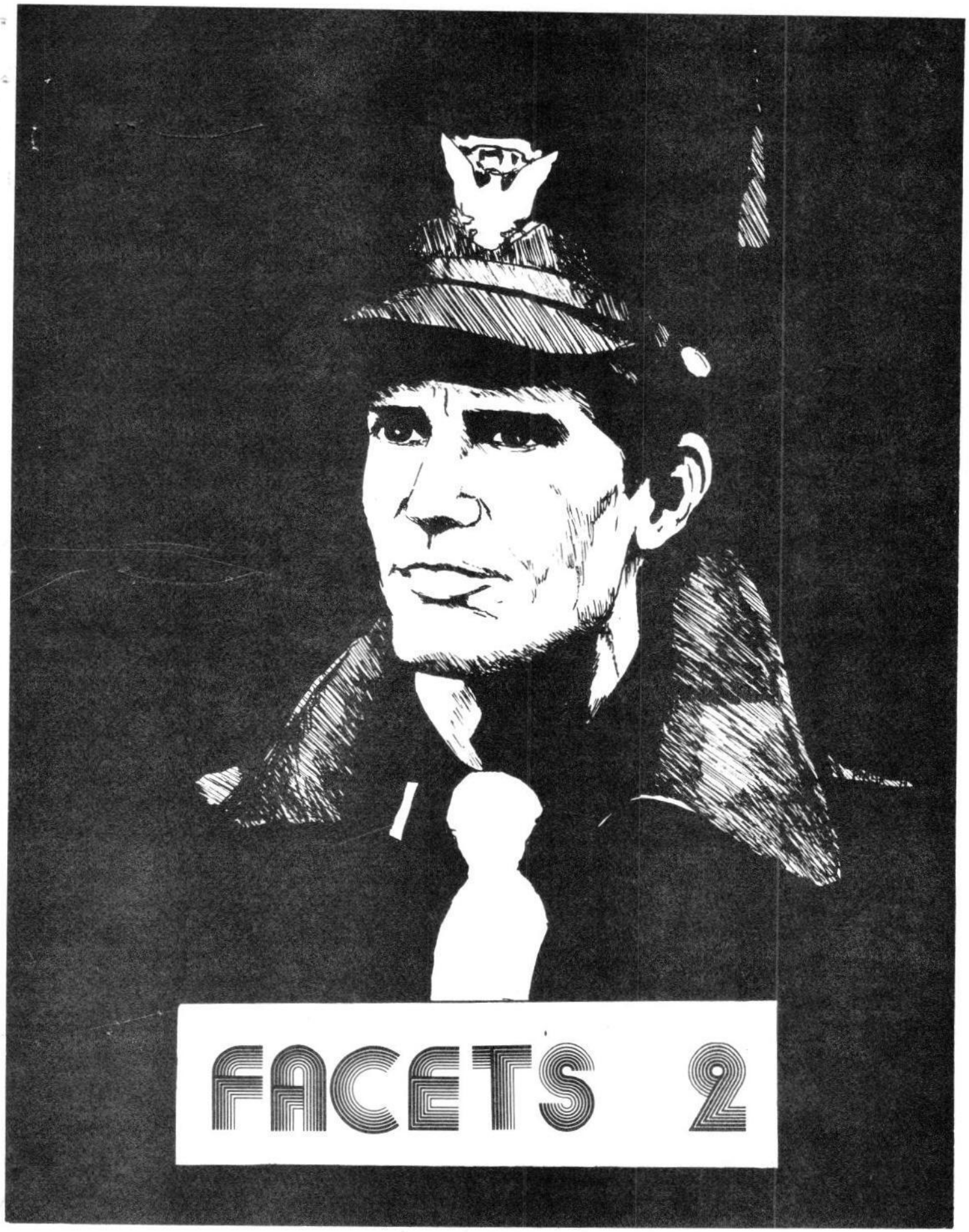

FACETS 2

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Front Cover: Paulie Gilmore
Back Cover: Kelly Hill
Photos courtesy of Leonard May

DEDICATED TO

Renée Marsden

for services above and beyond the call of duty

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EDITORIAL

Well, folks, we're finally back again. There is an old saying among zine eds (a version of Murphy's Law, I think) that if anything can go wrong during the putting together of a zine, it will. There were problems this time around -- school, jobs or lack of same, sick typewriters and sicker artists, lack of funds and other assorted nuisances. However, the Force was with us, at least part time, and we have prevailed. Better late than never -- at least we hope you'll think so.

You'll notice that for the same size zine, the price is higher this time around, a lot higher. The reason is that we worked out the price of #1 from estimates, went way over and lost our shirts, and determined not to do the same thing twice. The price will allow us to break even this time around. Most zines are basically non-profit (no one ever went to the Caribbean on zine proceeds) but they aren't supposed to actively put you in debt!

Short notices on future issues: As of #3 we will be accepting full length stories concerning any of HF's characters. Requirements are as follows: Submissions must be legibly typewritten, include return postage, and if possible be under twenty pages single-spaced, though longer ones will be considered. So far we've received an excellent Tommy story, and there are rumors wafting our way that a Kenny story is unfolding in the wilds of Ohio, plus a piece or three of Han prose. So if anyone else has an old HF-based manuscript that doesn't have a home, here's the place to send it. We're looking forward to some quality stuff, so writers, get to your typers!

Also starting with #3, our length will be expanding to between 30-50 pages. Hopefully shortly thereafter we'll be able to offer subscriptions. So for all of you folks who wrote to ask about that, hang in there, we're working on it!

As you may already have heard, Lucas is sending a TESB slide show to various cons. We caught it at WindyCon in Chicago. If you are planning to attend a con just to catch the slide show, save your time and money. It consisted mostly of miniatures and sets, with Craig Miller showing off and name-dropping like crazy as a highlight. It definitely falls under the 'not worth your while' catagory.

There seems to be no way to convince Lucas that fans have a great deal of emotion invested in his characters. He feels free to do with them as he will and the hell with what we think. A 'get' story is fine in a zine where it can be skimmed or passed over but seeing it on the screen in quite another story. According to very reliable sources (one of whom was NOT Craig Miller!), TESB is a get-'em in spades, and we feel that you folks who have emotional investments in Han and Luke deserve to know what happens to them before you go into the theatre and have it dropped in your lap. Lucas has forbidden publication, under the pretext that it's 'secret' but if you want to know what happens, SASE us. Things are looking better for HF to do #3, but there has been no commitment yet so keep your fingers crossed.

At WindyCon there was a girl passing out HF's home address and phone number. His address is sort of common knowledge by now, and there is little he can do about it, but the phone number is quite another thing. That is infringing on the man's privacy by intruding into his home. He has been warned that his number has been handed out and will probably have it changed. We fully understand the great temptation to call him, if for no other reason than to hear his voice. But a lot of heavy breathing or giggling on the other end of the line isn't the ideal way to impress this man, so don't do it, please. Also, don't feel compelled to mail things directly to him. Send all correspondence care of his agent -- he'll get it, honest. His agent and her secretary are good folks.

Warm Huggy Dept.: Due to some unsceduled 'editing' with an ax, the version of FRISCO KID that we saw is missing several of HF's best scenes. He was very down for a while, and is feeling a bit better now, but a warm hug couldn't do any harm. Just drop him a quick note or card, and tell the truth -- what you liked about his work, what you didn't like, etc. The address for all correspondence is: Harrison Ford, c/o Pat McQueeney Agency, 146 N. Almont Drive, Los Angeles, Cal. 90048. Keep it short, sensible and PG-rated, please!

And now for the obligatory but always heart-felt thanks. Thanks to J.J. Adamson, our new Aussie friend, and Susan Perry for coming through with last-minute portraits for us, and lovely things they are, too. A thankee and a hug to faithful, talented Martynn for turning out more super art for us -- the zine wouldn't be the same without it. Thanks to all our writers, particularly Jani Hicks and the rest of the Ohio contingent for practically writing this whole ish themselves -- and we're not complaining! There will be more from them all in future ishes (hint, hint!). And the biggest hug of all for Paulie Gilmore for doing our gorgeous front cover (sorry about the ink stains on the hands, folks) -- truly a labor of love, coming as it did while she was severly ill. And of course, thanks to HF once again, just for being his talented and highly decorative self. And a warm huggy to Renee Marsden -- the dedication to this issue says it all.

Well, that'll do it for this time. Keep those cards and letters coming, and we hope you enjoy!

The MarketPlace

STAR WARS ZINES

PEGASUS IV, Judi Hendricks, 6327 N. Francisco, Chicago, ILL. 60659. $15 1st class, $14.50 3rd. Offset reduced. The biggest, if not the best, SW zine in fandom. Double volume filled with stories, art and poetry by the best authors and artists in fandom; includes the long awaited "Fun With Luke and Han" by Paula Smith and another chapter in the lives of Han Solo and Cori Beckett. SASE Judi for more information. ((Very highly recommended))

WARPED SPACE, Lori Carleton, 5132 Jo-Don Dr., E. Lansing, MI. 48823. Latest ish is #42. Subscription rates are available as are most back issues. Published every 8 to 10 weeks, with a mix of SW, Star Trek, and general science fiction, as well as Man From Uncle, Prisoner, Man From Atlantis and whatever else Lori gets that's good. SASE for more information. ((Highly recommended))

AGAINST THE SITH, Tracy & Nancy Duncan, P.O. Box 2385, Eugene, Oregon, 97402. Current ish #4, $3.90 1st class, back issues 1 & 3 still avaliable. Offset reduced. Focus is on the relationships between the 3 main characters "as derived directly and solely from evidence presented in the film." SASE for info.

MOS EISLEY TRIBUNE, Jan Sidwell, P.O. Box 40973, Nashville, Tenn. 37204. Current ish #3, $9 1st class $8 3rd. Back issues still available. #4 will be out soon. Also available from Jan is STORM, a SW novel by Ann Wilson, illoed by Beckey Aulenbach. Chronicles the series of events that led to the destruction of the Jedi and the banishment of Kenobi to the Jundland wastes, as well as the real story behind Darth Vader. $4.50 1st class, $4 3rd.

FUTURA PRODUCTIONS, J.J. Adamson, 33 Whiteley Dr. Trott Park, South Australia, 5158.
HI GAIN, a Harrison Ford zine. #1 features a raft of photos, a lot of which haven't been published in this country, as well as info from presskits for "Force 10" and "Hanover Street". Some excellent artwork by J.J. is included. Cost is $4.50 U.S. ((This is supposed to be a letterzine -- so write!))
EMPIRE STAR, #1,2,3, #4 due around X-Mas. SW fanzine of excellent quality.
SOLO, a zine devoted to Han Solo.
VENDETTA, a SW novel. SASE J.J. for more info, prices and postage -- she offers package deals. ((Always use International Reply Coupons when SASEing overseas -- they can't use our stamps))

ALDERAAN, Kzinti Press, P.O. Box 8554, Toledo, Ohio, 43623. A SW letterzine containing fan comments, reviews of current fan and pro-publications and spectacular artwork. Offset, reduced. Sample copies are 50¢ + SASE. Subscriptions are $2.40/4 issues. Make checks payable to Kzinti Press. ((Highly recommended))

GALACTIC FLIGHT, Christine Jeffords, 630 Bloomfield Ave. Verona, N.J. 07044. Current ish #2 (1 is out of print, but may be reprinted if enough interest is shown). Contents are; Kinmeet by Susan Matthews, Venture to Hamlor by Mark Walton & Christine Jeffords, A Visit to Corell by Helen Montgomery and more. Photocopy unreduced. $5.25 book rate insured, $5.98 1st class.

LANDSPEEDER, Lisa Adolph, 5202 Beach Dr. Bremerton, WA. 98310. A funzine devoted to SW. Bi-monthly, 10 pages, quick print. Features news, reviews on other movies the actors are in as well as SW related items, poems, ads, art & fiction. Contributions are welcome. Subscriptions are available, 2 ish for $1.50, 3/$2.25 & 4/$4.88. SASE for more information.

FALCON'S FLIGHT, Ellen Blair, Box 5117 TTU, Cookeville, TN. 38501. Photocopy unreduced. Current ish #3. Issue #2 still avaliable. Contents; A Plague on Both Your Causes by Nikki White, Brothers All by Hope Inglewright and more, plus artwork by Martynn and Aulenbach. $5.50 1st class. QUEST IN OTHERWHERE a non SW novel by Ellen Blair. Send SASE for more information.

REVISIONS 3, Ronnie Sacksteder, 31 Greenmount Blvd., Dayton, Ohio. 45419. or Beth Bowles, 4025 Bradley Dr., Dayton, OH. 45405. Mimeo, 125 pages. Contents include; The Price of Allegience by Pat Stanley (#3 in the New Order series), Songs of Home by Angela-marie Varesano, and the Journals of Sharna Kenobi Skywalker by S.J. Hicks. Accepting submissions for #4 -- send 3 typed copies of all written material. Price for #3 is $4.75 1st, $4.25 3rd.

TWIN SUNS, available from Jani Hicks, 64 Old Yellow Spring Rd., #10, Fairborn, OH 45324. Reduced offset. SW zine due May 1980. Submissions of prose and poetry accepted until February 1980, art until April 1980. Material accepted from Kelly Hill, Daphne Ann Hamilton, Pat Stanley, Angela-marie Varesano, J. Rafferty and others. Send s.a.s.e. for more info.

ASSORTED ZINES

FANTASM, available from Charlie Kent, 521 Oakview Dr., Dayton, OH. 45429. Offset, possibly reduced. A SW/Trek/Superman fanzine. Projected publication date July 1980. Now soliciting fiction manuscripts and artwork -- manuscripts to be typed on plain white paper, artwork should be pen and ink or black and white. Please include return postage. For further info send s.a.s.e.

DRACULA, available from Lori Carleton, c/o Carfax Abbey, 5132 Jo-Don Dr., E. Lansing, Mich. 48823. Reduced offset. One-shot zine from T'Kuhtian Press. Subject matter not confined to the recent Frank Langella version of the film, tho said film was the inspiration. Proposed contributors include Martynn, Jani Hicks, Susan Matthews, Jane Firmstone, Kelly Hill, Susan W. Perry, Anne-Elizabeth Zeek, and Judi L. Hendricks. The number of copies will depend solely on expressed interest, so reserve a copy for $2 and a s.a.s.e. for further info. ((We know about some of the stuff going in, folks, and it's going to be good!))

SPECTRUM, available from Kzinti Press, P.O. Box 8554, Toledo, OH. 43623. Mimeo. Fannish comment zine. Contents include informative articles, con listings and fanzine reviews. SPECTRUM will end with issue 43. Subscription rates: $1.72/4 issues, $1.29/3 issues, 86¢/2 issues, or 50¢ for single issue.

VARIOUS & SUNDRY

CHIMERA CREATIONS. CC Kent, 521 Oakview Dr., Dayton, OH 45429. 513-294-1134. All kinds of delightful stuff: embroidered belts, purses, shoulder bags, tote bags, wall hangings, pillows, full and half aprons, dinner napkins, stuffed toys, puppets, sea monsters, dragons, pegasuses, unicorns and more. Will gladly do custom work. Send s.a.s.e. for detailed info.

GERMAN JEDIS Leonard May, Am Gerstkamp 21, 4630 Bochum 1, W. Germany. Wanted: Rebels, Sith Lords, Squad Leaders, Farmboys, Troopers, Corellian Pirates ... this is <u>your</u> club! Join now! Membership fees are $7 a year and include membership card + 2 fanzines, called THE CORELLIAN CHRONICLES. Contributors welcome. We publish stories, artwork, technical reports, ads, trivia, information and the like. S.a.s.e with International Reply Coupons. ((The zine is printed in <u>German</u>, folks!))

WANTED: Anything and everything on HF. Leonard May, Am Gerstkamp 21, 4630 Bochum 1, W. Germany, wants original photos, interview tapes, movie stills and clippings. Will respond with German SW/Ford stuff. ((Write -- he's got access to some fine stuff))

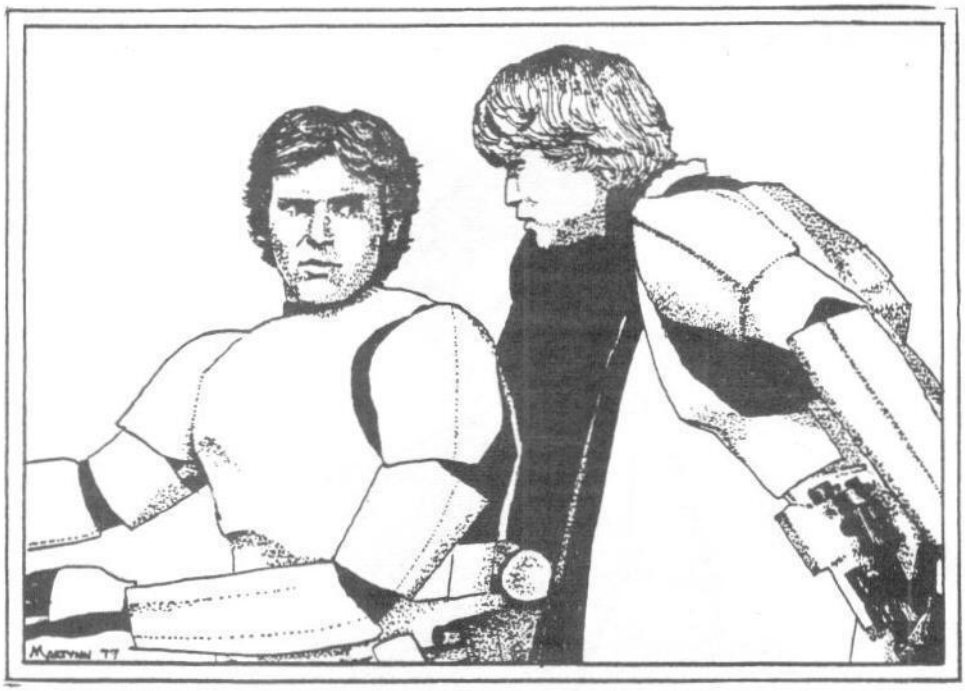
PHOTOS: Elyse Dickenson, 43 Topfield Rd., Wilton, Conn., has HF pics taken off the TV and movie screen from interviews and films. The quality is excellent. $1 each. Send s.a.s.e for postage and descriptions. ((Highly recommended))

TAPES WANTED: Joanne Swenski, 628 7th Ave., Iron River, Mich. 49935, wants tapes of HF interviews. Send s.a.s.e. to Joanne for more details.

LANGELLA ITEMS WANTED: Lori Carleton, 5132 Jo-Don Dr., E. Lansing, Mich. 48823, wants to trade Frank Langella/ DRACULA xeroxes and/or original clippings, photos, etc. Write Lori for more details. ((She's got some good stuff to trade))

STATIONERY, PHOTOS: Paulie Gilmore, 907 Argyle, Apt. 307, Chicago, Ill. 60640. 8½x11 stationery, beige or white, 20 sheets for $1.75. Note cards in five colors with matching envelopes, 10 for $2. SW, FRISCO KID, and other photos, $1 each. Will do custom calligraphy, badges, and commission artwork; prices on request. Send s.a.s.e. ((All items highly recommended))

" I think you looked better with the helmet on, Harrison."



Caption by Keven Lewis, who really <u>is</u> Darth Vader.

TRIVIA QUIZ

Jani Hicks and Linda Stoops

How well did you pay attention during HANOVER STREET? Here's your chance to find out. Be careful--some of these are tricky! Answers on page 11.

(1) What is the first spoken line in the film?

(2) What is the last spoken line in the film?

(3) What is Halloran's unit?

(4) Name the men in Halloran's unit and their respective ranks.

(5) What was the doll wearing that Sarah wanted for Christmas?

(6) What was the date on Halloran's flight jacket?

(7) How many bombing missions would they have been on if the engine hadn't gone funny?

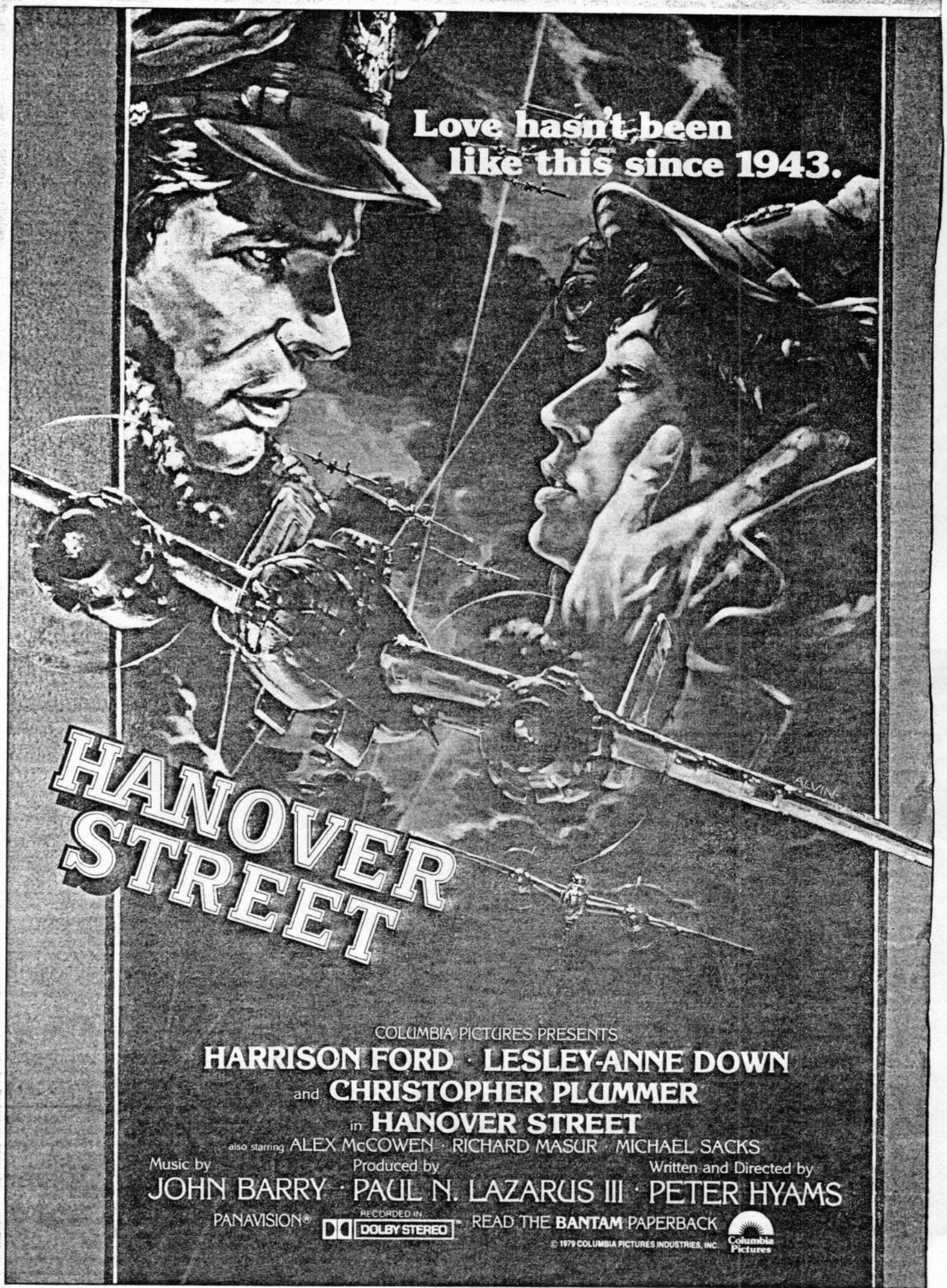
(8) What was the name of Halloran's bomber?

(9) Which engine went out on the <u>first</u> run seen in the film?

(10) How many names does Cimino call Phyllis in the bar and the hangar on Christmas Eve?

(11) How many times does Halloran address Col. Bart as 'sir' during their private conversation?

(12) What was Halloran's serial number?


Love hasn't been
like this since 1943.
HANOVER
STREET
ALVIN
COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS
HARRISON FORD · LESLEY-ANNE DOWN
and CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER
in HANOVER STREET
also starring ALEX McCOWEN · RICHARD MASUR · MICHAEL SACKS
Music by
JOHN BARRY
Produced by
PAUL N. LAZARUS III
Written and Directed by
PETER HYAMS
PANAVISION®
RECORDED IN
DOLBY STEREO
READ THE BANTAM PAPERBACK
© 1979 COLUMBIA PICTURES INDUSTRIES, INC.
Columbia Pictures

The Bitter and the Sweet
(theme from Hanover Street)

music by John Barry
words by Jane Hicks

How sweet, my love, how bitter when I wonder
How bittersweet, how complete the spell you have me under —
The wonder of it all.

What paths does the future hold for us?
What questions, what answers and what trust?
How many more goodbyes must pass between us two?
The tears rise in my eyes....

And someday we'll see, with all of this behind us,
All the bitter and the sweet.

I met you a cold and rainy day,
I begged you to turn and run away,
To hide from me somehow —
But you refused me then.
Can you refuse me now?

And someday we'll see, with all of this behind us,
All the bitter and the sweet.

And Leave Your Friends And Go

-- KELLY HILL

"Now hollow fires burn out to black,
And lights are guttering low:
Square your shoulders, lift your pack,
And leave your friends and go."

-- A.E. Houseman, A Shropshire Lad

May 7, 1945 -- V-E Day, and everyone went temporarily, wonderfully crazy. The war was still going on half a world away, but as far as Londoners were concerned it was over, and they went through the joyous process of forgetting it. The parties started as soon as the news was announced and carried on for three days without a break. Even Halloran, who'd been vaguely withdrawn ever since he'd come back from that special mission to France over a year ago, though no one could figure out why, was caught up in the gaiety. There was an edge of sadness to his celebrations, however. The surrender pointed up the loss of his friends all the more sharply. Hyer and Cimino -- how they'd have loved to see this day. He still missed them, still railed silently against the Krauts for taking them out so completely. He drank a silent toast to them that night before settling in to getting blissfully potted along with the rest of the base personnel.

Somehow, inspite of the terrific amount of varied liquors he'd downed, Halloran couldn't sleep that night. Visions of a beautiful face, framed by dark hair and lighted with silver-blue eyes, kept pushing their way into his mind. Even though he'd done his best to forget her since that last day in the hospital, she remained a part of his dreams at night and his memories by day. Margaret -- his Maggie -- what was she doing now? Had she kept up with the job at the hospital? How was she? Was she alright, and celebrating with the rest of London?

He'd wanted to talk to her, to hear her voice again many times in the past months, but tonight for some reason the longing was especially strong. Now that the war was finished over here, it wouldn't be much longer before he'd be sent home. The last tenuous threads of contact were going to be broken, and he didn't want it to end. That was part of the reason he'd stayed on at Letchworth and never put in for a transfer. Not that Bart would have granted him one, anyway -- much as he's probably have liked to be rid of his troublesome lieutenant, if he thought he was doing Halloran a favor he'd bend over backward to keep the request from going through. As long as she was still in London he didn't really want to leave.

He couldn't see her, he knew that, but maybe ... he could call her! It couldn't be that hard to get her phone number from the operator. But what if she didn't answer, or he got her husband instead? Should he even try it? She had put her life back together again, she didn't really need to hear from him. The practical considerations were eventually outweighed by his need to talk to her one last time. Once would be enough -- at least he hoped so. It was too late to do anything about it tonight, but first thing tomorrow he'd call her. With that decision made he turned over and went to sleep.

The next day was Thursday, his alloted day off. All the phones on the base were three-deep in people waiting to use them, so he hopped a bus into London and found a pay phone there. He dropped money into the slot and dialed the operator. A moment, then a quiet, mechanical-sounding voice answered: "Operator."

He was hit with an instant's uncertainty. Was he doing the right thing? Then the hesitation was gone and he said, "Yes, Operator. I need the number of Mr. Paul Sellinger. I don't have an address, sorry."

It took a little hunting but in a few moments the operator found it. "Here it is, sir. Grosvenor 3485." Halloran jotted the number down quickly, thanked her and hung up. His coin came back and he fingered it nervously. He wasn't sure what he was going to say if he managed to get hold of her, but he'd worry about that when the time came. He sent the money through again, took a deep breath, dialed and waited.

Instead of the ringing tone or the high-pitched busy signal, the sound that came back through the receiver was a prolonged mechanical scream that sent a chill down Halloran's spine. Shaken, he jiggled the receiver cradle and his money came back down the chute. The coin was dropped through again and this time he re-dialed the operator. The voice on the other end was different than the last one; she sounded warm and friendly. "Operator; may I help you?"

"Yes, please. I just dialed a number and got this high screeching sound on the other end. What does that mean?"

"It means your number is no longer in service, or that it no longer exists."

No longer exists .... Halloran's heart started beating harder, faster. "Are you allowed to tell me what happened to a particular number?" he asked, and was surprised to hear a slight tremor in his voice. "The number belongs to ... a friend of mine, and I'm a little worried."

"I'll try to find out for you, sir. What's the number, please?"

"Grosvenor 3485. Belongs to Paul Sellinger."

There was a silence on the other end of the line for a long moment, and he thought they'd been disconnected. Then the operator answered quietly, and he was certain he could hear the hint of tears in her voice. "Sir, that house took a direct hit during the last raid. Everyone in it was killed."

There was a long stunned silence before Halloran could say anything at all. Then the words tumbled over each other in an effort to get out. "Look, that's just not possible! They might've been away from home, they might've been taken to a hospital, they can't be dead!" He said 'they', and found that he wasn't just thinking of Margaret. He was thinking of her husband, too, a good gentle man who didn't seserve to die that way. "How can you know that?"

The sound of restrained tears was more noticeable now. "I know because they were my friends, too. I was at the funeral. Will there be anything else, sir?"

"N-no, that'll be all. Thanks very much, and I'm sorry." He almost replaced the receiver, then spoke into it quickly again. "Miss, miss, are you still there? Please, just one more question. Would you tell me where they're buried?"

She gave him the name of a church near there, and he thanked her again and rang off. He slumped against the side of the booth, too numb for tears yet. They would come later. The war was over, it couldn't be true ... but it was. After a few moments he left the booth and wandered aimlessly down the street.

His subconscious mind pointed him in the right direction, and after half an hour Halloran found himself in front of a quiet cemetary next to a rustic church. There were a lot of new-looking graves here: bombs didn't make any distinction between civilian and soldier, old and young. They made their deadly harvests without prejudice. It took some time before he found the ones he was looking for , three mounds with unweathered markers at their heads. The grass was just beginning to grow over them.

Halloran took off his cap and his gaze rested on the smaller grave sandwiched in the middle of the group. The marker said simply, "Sarah Sellinger, born 1935, died 1945". He read the stark inscription and felt his throat tighten. Sarah, the daughter that Paul had spoken of in that French barn. Ten years old ... dammit, it wasn't fair. It just wasn't fair! Why did war have to take three people who loved each other? He knew that she'd loved her family as much as she had loved him, if differently. And a kid, a beautiful little kid -- it wasn't right ....

The tears came then, with no warning, hot and unaccustomed. Halloran bowed his head and let them fall, oblivious to everything around him. He wept for Margaret, for Paul and Sarah, and he wept for himself, the dead past and the stillborn future.

He didn't know how long he stood there, and he didn't care. Eventually the sharp edge of his grief ebbed to be replaced by a dull ache. He stood looking at the graves a moment longer, put his cap back on and left the little crowded cemetary. When he got back to the base, the place was still in a happy uproar, but he didn't join in.

As far as he was concerned, the war was over ... and nobody had won.

ANSWERS TO TRIVIA QUIZ:

(1) "Oh, my God, it's the baby!"
(2) "Think of me when you drink tea."
(3) 282nd bomber wing of the 8th Air Force
(4) 2nd Lieut. Hyer, co-pilot; 2nd Lieut. Cimino, bombadier; SSgt. Lucas, crew chief and turret gunner; SSgt. Farrell, tail gunner; Corp. Giler, waist gunner,
(5) A nurses uniform like Margaret had.
(6) March 10, 1942
(7) 20 -- 19 were indicated on the side of the plane
(8) Gorgeous Georgeanne
(9) The starboard prop
(10) 12 -- nine in the bar, three in the hangar
(11) Eight
(12) 057327969

SCORE:
10-12: You're as crazy as I am!
7-9: Musta only seen this once or twice
0-6: How many times did you see Corvette Summer?

Margaret's Epilogue

--MARTYNN

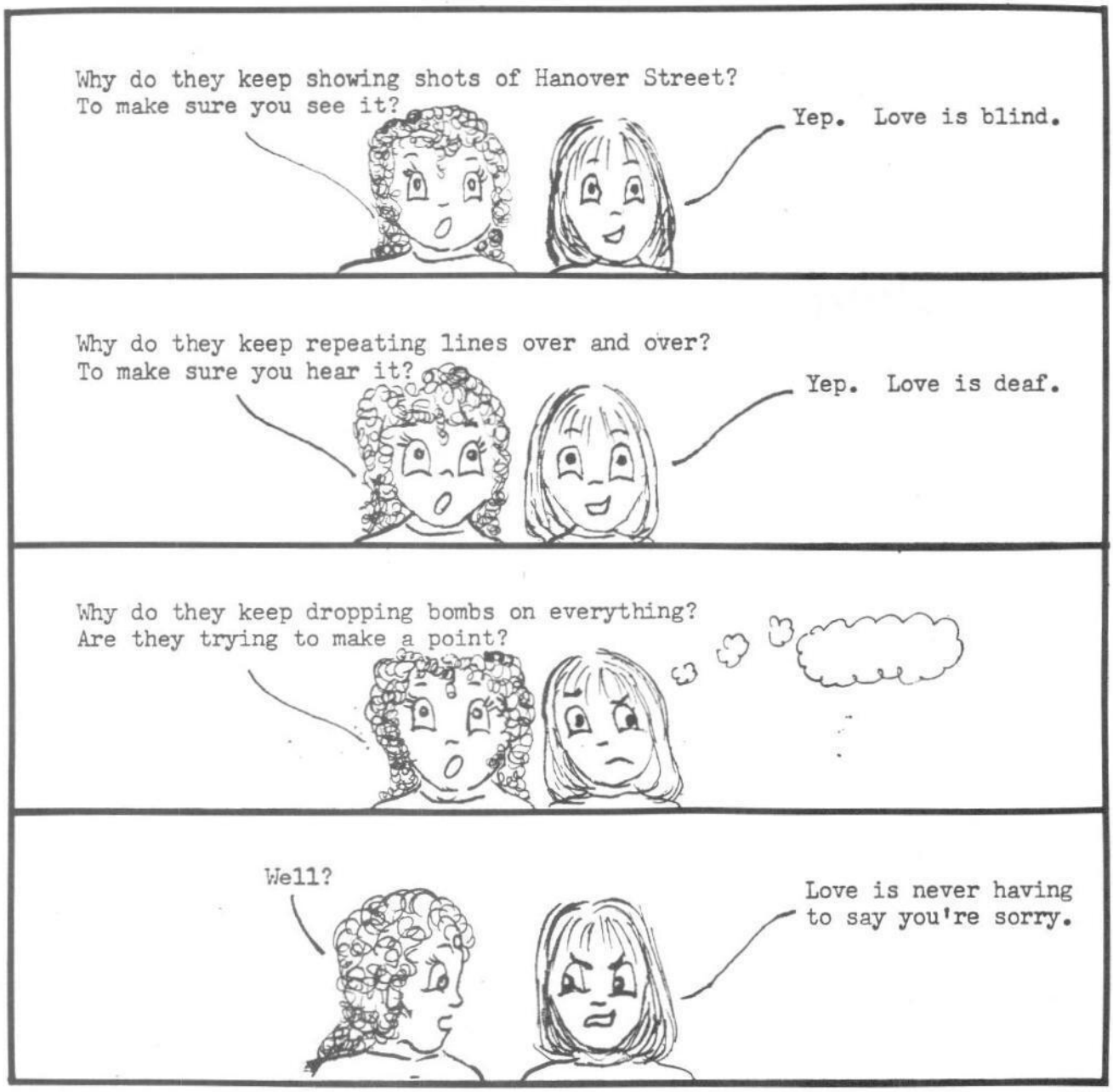
I read my fortune in the leaves,
The dregs of life and passion spent
    that flavor every draught,
And realize the bitter truth deceives
In that happy ending at a price was
    dearly bought.

I seek to overcome my traitor's heart --
Mundane routine: a child, a home to
    keep me from the street I must
    not see.
And yet that daily regimen condemns me
    with a sweet and sad refrain:
I cannot help, my love,
    but think of you when I drink tea.

NOW PLAYING:

HANOVER STREET

[Judi Hendricks]


Why do they keep showing shots of Hanover Street?
To make sure you see it?
Yep. Love is blind.
Why do they keep repeating lines over and over?
To make sure you hear it?
Yep. Love is deaf.
Why do they keep dropping bombs on everything?
Are they trying to make a point?
Well?
Love is never having to say you're sorry.

HANOVER STREET REVISITED:

A REVIEW BY

SUSAN K. PRATHER

To my mind there are three types of movies: good ones, bad ones, and those which fall into that nebulous area in between. More often than not it seems that films in the latter category are well-intentioned but have gotten derailed somewhere along the line so that the result is an embarrassment: you know the director was trying hard to make a film of which he and his company could be proud, yet he bungled it so badly that all you can do is pity the people involved. I hate to say it but Peter Hyams' Hanover Street is just such a film. Hyams made a valiant attempt to recapture the magic of Brief Encounter and Waterloo Bridge , but the final product was so trite that I wondered if maybe the classics themselves were less fine than I thought they were.

Don't get me wrong -- I have nothing against nostalgic tear-jerkers, unabashed sentiment or World War II films. What so annoyed me about Hanover Street was not its subject, but the idiocy of the material and the complete seriousness of its presentation to the audience. Granted, the script was culled from thousands of wartime romance that came before it, but that's precisely its problem: it's too derivative. Every scene comes from somewhere else; every line, every gesture -- every cliche, if you will -- has been done before, and, unfortunately, has been done better. A well-written script could have brought all this together and made it work as a serious movie. The irony of the whole fiasco is that Hyams, the director, is also responsible for the script, which is so bad it's almost laughable. I say 'almost' because when I realized that he wrote it in utter seriousness, there were moments when I wanted to cry instead. How can someone be expected to take a movie seriously when the hero decides to call the heroine Fred because he doesn't know her real name? C'mon, folks, this is SERIOUS? That the movie's cast manages to emerge from the wreckage with only minor flesh wounds is a testament to its talent. Hyams, on the other hand, should be taken out and shot for self-destructing his own film, which, without his script, might have been an attractive exercise in nostalgia. As it is, it comes closer to resembling Monty Python. How Hyams ever expected his actors to make something viewable out of this garbage is beyond me.

Yet somehow, they do it, and it is this accomplishment that makes Hanover Street worth seeing. The characters are all broadly drawn stereotypes lifted from the war movies of the Forties, but the cast distinguishes itself by making these cardboard cutouts interesting people. The portrayals are all clear-cut and solid; the supporting cast is especially fine, with Richard Masur standing out as the jovial, scared-as-hell bombadier who keeps up his courage by sounding off about the military. It is more difficult for the three leads -- Harrison Ford as the American pilot David Halloran, Lesley-Anne Down as Margaret, the woman he loves, and Christopher Plummer as Margaret's husband -- to do something creative with the material, for their characters are so predictable that it is nearly impossible for them to be anything more than dull. Hence, they are limited to brief, vivid moments in which to make these people come alive on screen. Sellinger (Plummer) phoning his wife at the hospital where she works, knowing it's the last time he's going to speak to her again before he goes to France on an intelligence mission; Margaret dropping a tea pot when, listening to her husband and daughter talk, she realizes how much her husband loves her; Halloran antagonizing his commanding officer ("Yes, sir, none of us would want to miss whatever it is I have to add, sir, except that I have nothing to add, sir, so there's nothing for them to miss -- sir.") -- each of these scenes remains with the viewer long after the rest of the film has evaporated.

Ford especially has quite a few memorable scenes and, on the whole, manages to acquit himself very well in his role of the flippant pilot whose world crumbles when he falls in love. His progression from a sour, cynical soldier to a man who loves a woman enough to let her go is too abrupt to be credible -- one moment he is cheating her out of a bus ride, the next he is mooning all over her -- but he does convey Halloran's confusion at his own emotions magnificently: his torment when he learns men have died on a mission he should have led, but backed out of when he became convinced that his plane was unsafe; his realization, when speaking with Margaret, that he has changed because of this love (the moment in which he confesses, "I'm all in pieces -- you've got to put me back together again," and his voice breaks is a beautiful touch); and finally, the brief second of indecision on the bridge when escaping from the Germans -- should he rescue Sellinger, who has been seriously wounded, or should he let him die? For an instant, he looks back at his helpless companion, lowers his head, closes his eyes -- and then saves Sellinger's life. It is an excellent performance considering the material he was given, and I would recommend the movie because of Ford alone.

But it is unfortunate that such a studied piece of acting should materialize in such a pitiful film. Three weeks after its opening, Hanover Street had completely disappeared in several major metropolitan areas. Evidently the public was unwilling to shell out $4.00 for two hours of love and sacrifice; the audience with whom I saw the film even laughed in the wrong places, and I'm forced to admit that much of the time I laughed with them. Peter Hyams has obviously tried very hard to create a touching, beautiful film -- indeed, it's very attractive visually and has some great special effect -- but his literary prowess is non-existant and knocks his creation into the realm of absurdity. "Love," proclaims the ad for the film, "hasn't been like this since 1943." As far as I'm concerned, if this was love, then we are all the more fortunate for its absence.

VISIT TO A SMALL AIR FORCE

BY JANI HICKS

Han Solo had never seen clothes like that before -- a woman in an odd blue uniform, with a jacket of some sort of woven animal hair, and a lower body covering that looked like a narrow blue tube. But then, he'd never seen clothing like what he found himself in, either ...

His reverie was broken by a voice over some kind of communications device. "We're ready for another take -- clear the street. Okay, everyone, we're going to get a print this time. Lesley, you ready? Come on, Yank, what's keeping you?"

The Corellian looked around him for the odd life-form addressed as 'Yank'. He was more than slightly shocked to find all eyes turned on him. "Me?" His thoughts were racing: How can I bluff my way through this long enough to figure out where the hell I am? "Uh, okay, what do you want me to do?"

The communications system answered. "What do you mean? You knew your lines a minute ago! Just do it again like you did then. The only problem was the mike in frame and you know it."

What the hell am I talking to, he wondered; human with an artificial voice? Droid? Hands were suddenly urging him under some very bright lights in the center of what seemed to be some kind of vehicle throughway, and they were handing him an odd animal skin jacket and a matching cap. Oh, well, he shrugged to himself, and put the jacket on over the tan shirt and tie he was wearing. Necktie? I must've been at some party, he thought. He let the hands guide him to the rear of a long line forming on the street. Another hand took the book from under his arm, and the voice that went with the hand chuckled. "Always reading something, eh?"

He turned to a very attractive woman that the communications system had addressed as Lesley. "You won't believe this, but I don't remember what the hell I'm supposed to be doing."

She laughed, a laugh different from any he'd ever heard. "Come on, just don't elbow me so hard this time. You're trying to keep me off the bus, not trying to put me into the hospital."

"Sorry," he grinned at her. "I'll definitely watch it this time."

The communications system ordered them to take places, and to begin the action. Solo jockeyed for place in the queue with the dark-haired woman, finally beating her to the transport (Odd, he thought -- it's on the ground!) and tipping his cap to her as the vehicle crawled down the road.

"Beautiful!" the communications system said. "That's a take. Strike it, everyone. We'll set up for closeups."

As he was getting off the tall red transport, Solo slipped in the street. He didn't know which hands helped him up, but when he opened his eyes and they could focus, he was back in his cabin on the Falcon, with a Wookiee hovering over him. "That musta been some party, Chewie. What the hell did I do?"

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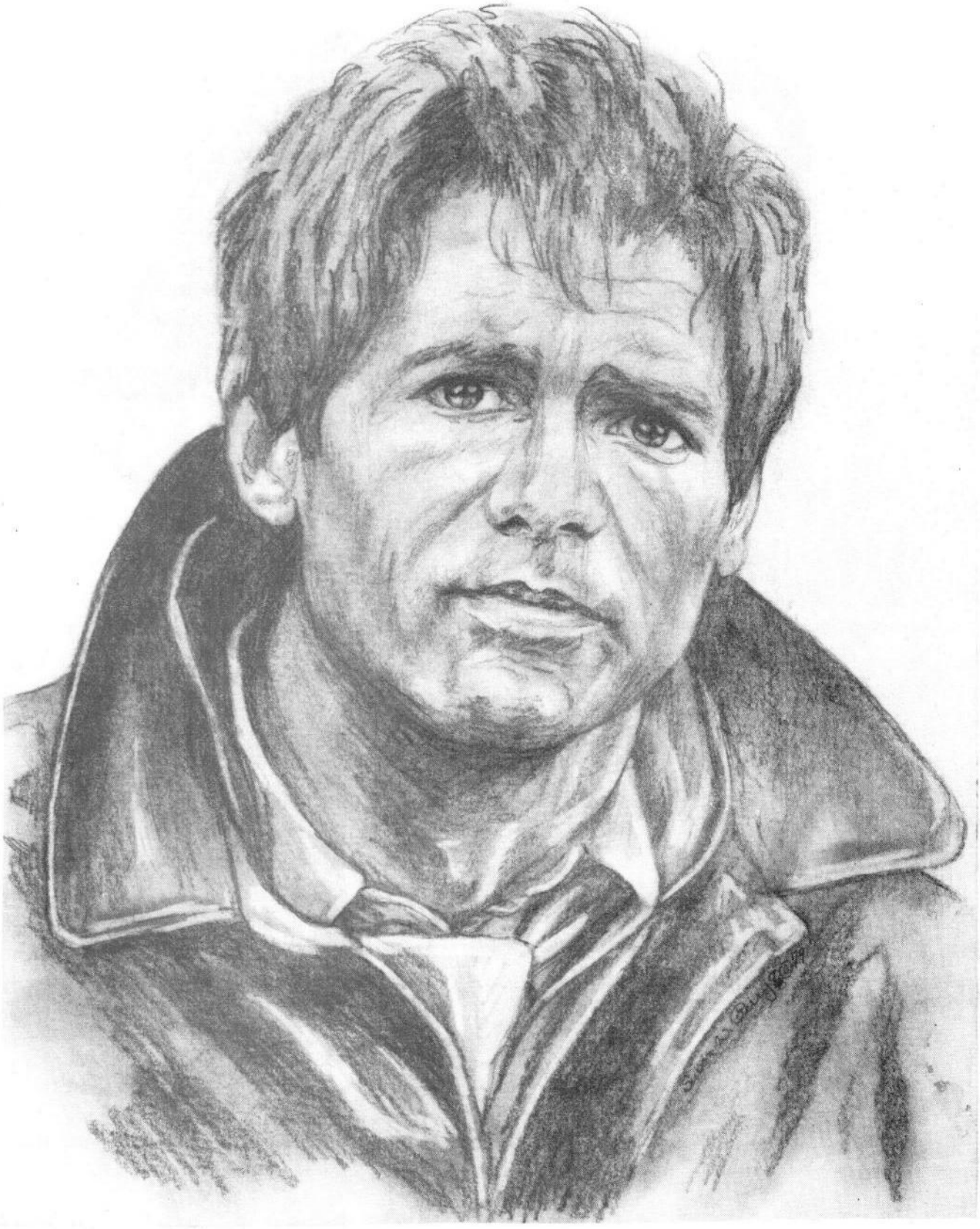


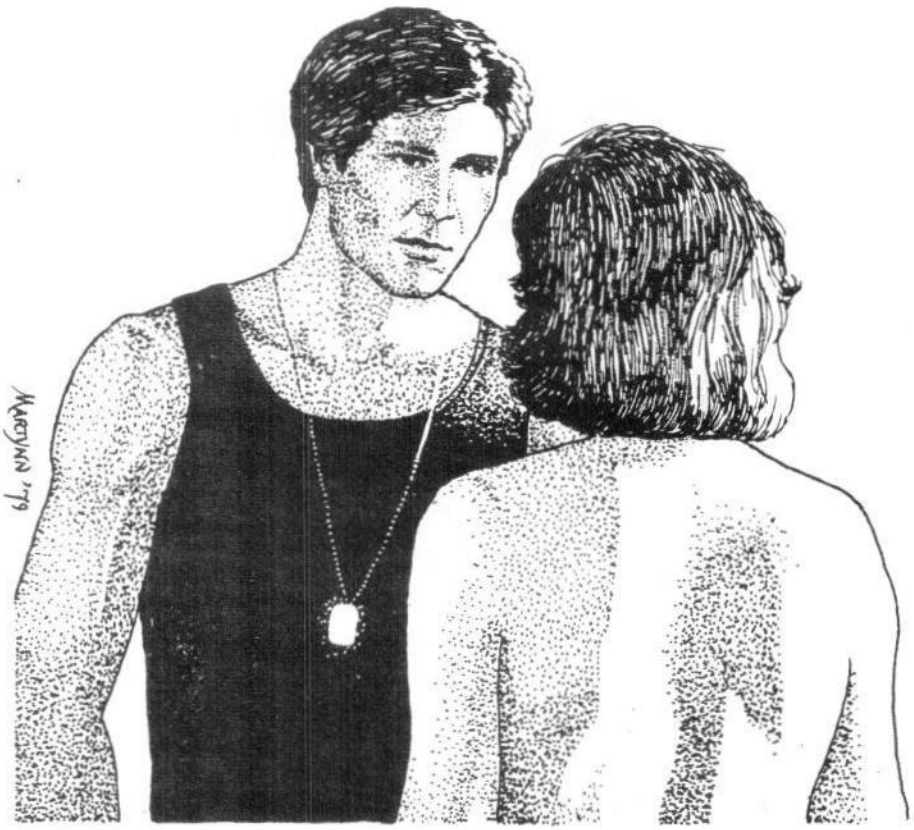
ENOUGH TO LET YOU GO

Your glowing blue eyes
occupied my mind on each mission,
provided a haven to return to.
Nothing mattered but the
next time I saw you,
and I knew that nothing could
ever separate us.

Then --
I met the man whose
name was yours,
and came to know him well.
He is a quiet man,
but he has courage.
You are his life.
Having saved his life,
I will not steal it from him.

Maggie,
I love you ....

BY BETH BOWLES



The First Psalm of David

-- JANE FIRMSTONE

Touch me.
   Silver-blue eyes look into mine
   And I whisper, heart and soul,
Want me.
   You stand before me and I reach out
   To draw you to me, praying,
Need me.
   It's new and shining and beautiful
   All over again, and I beg you to
Love me.
   It's everything it never was before,
   And I hold you close and whisper that I
Love you.

I DON'T KNOW, CHEWIE. SOMETHING HIT US PRETTY HARD.
NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT B'FORE! MIGHT BE SOME NEW ENEMY CRAFT.
ORNK!
HI, FELLAS. KINDA LOST MY BEARINGS. ANYONE KNOW THE WAY TO WWII?
AIRLOCK

Letters of Comment

Samantha Blackley, 7 Reading St., Karori, Wellington 5, New Zealand

Recently I had the delight of watching HF in "Dynasty" on TV, made somewhere between AMERICAN GRAFFITI and STAR WARS, I think. His acting was superb -- the thing was that his character was completely different from the Han/Bob Falfa/Barnsby side of things we've seen him in so often, but he still ended up looking as though he and the part were made for each other. That's great acting! Actually the part had longer scenes (and better ones, too) than in GRAFFITI, which was an exceedingly pleasant surprise. HF's character was Mark, eldest son of the main characters, a colonial American family. He came in about two-thirds of the way through the film and immediately developed as the most sympathetic character in the latter half. The climax of his part came in the closing moments of the film with a marvelously controlled piece of acting in which the ambitious matriarch of the family, his mother (Sarah Miles), told him that he was probably the best man she had ever known but that she had severe doubts he was ruthless, bitter and unscrupulous enough to maintain the business concerns she had worked for all her life. He was distraught because he had nearly been goaded into shouting at his mother as a sort of 'test' to see if he was insensitive enough to run the family business successfully. It wasn't that Mark was particularly weak or spineless -- he simply seemed too nice and sensitive to the feelings of others for his own good. HF had overall fourth billing below Sarah Miles, Stacy Keach and Harris Yulin ... and for my money they could have all been playing villain to Harrison's hero.

Pat Marx, 9602 Carroll Ave., Silver Springs, MD 20903

I picked up FACETS 1 at August Party. The cover by Susan Perry is fantastic! And I loved "Solo Song" by Pat Carpenter. I am a Han Solo nut. I just saw the previews for THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK -- can't wait!

I'm not surprised that HF doesn't want a fan club. He strikes me as the type who would think it was nonsense.

Jacqueline T. Elderkin, 870 Fell St., San Francisco, Cal. 94117

I enjoyed FACETS very much. I guess my favorite item would have to be "Solo Song" -- I love it! What an absolutely marvellous pièce! There are so many versions of Han Solo floating around that it's getting confusing but Pat Carpenter's piece meshes perfectly with the way I see him. And it has the perfect title -- how on earth did this much time pass without it being used a dozen times already?

Yes, I've seen FRISCO KID -- three times at last count. Needless to say, I found it delightful. Incidentally, am I the only person in the world who liked HANOVER STREET? It certainly seems that way!

I loved the let's-blow-up-the-writers cartoon. I imagine many actors have had those same sentiments about numerous writers ....

If anyone can come up with a funnier caption for the cartoon on page three, all I can say is -- I'd certainly like to see it! Beyond that, I'm not going to comment. (Laughing too hard, that's why)

Do keep up the good work!

Martynn, 361 McCully, Pittsburg, PA 15216

I've skimmed FACETS several times and come away favorably impressed. I think you've got yourselves a zine to be proud of; on which should, at the very least, not offend or antagonize Ford, and at best, amuse, interest and certainly show him the affection we all hold for him. And FACETS does entertain in its own right. You general format is clear and readable and the art reproduced well -- since a lot of it is very good, Paulie's and Perry's especially, that's very important. Bravo on your statement of Editorial Policy! That's telling it the way it is! The best thing about the review of "The Possessed" is Paulie's illo. I'm quite fond of the sneaky-seductive-behind-the-glasses heartbreaker. The review of FORCE 10, like ol' Barnsby's shooting, is right on target, and Jane's cartoon is a fitting capper. Pat Carpenter's "Solo Song" is a beautiful, well-constructed, if a touch bittersweet, polemic to Han. Tho I loved the artistry of the verses, I'm not sure than Han's that far gone on the isolation trip: he doesn't 'fly alone' as long as Chewbacca remains his copilot and friend, no would he have turned back to help Luke if his heart was 'unresponsive'. Furthermore, I'm not certain Luke and Leia would let Han be alone in Chewie's absense, even if Han balked at the notion. And does the writer (and editors) think Han is so withdrawn from affairs of the heart? He seemed too good-natured and cocksure to play the jaded spacer role. 'Nuff said. Hope Pat has more in store for future issues. Jane's accompanying Han is done in a strange style; the eyes are definitely right but I'm not sure about the rest. I liked her Kenny much better -- wonderful eyes on that one, too. The next-to-last line on "Shadows" is the real essence of HEROES. Summation: FACETS is off to a modest but creditable start. Hope Harrison appreciates it for the artistic and literate gesture of fan interest it represents. He should be flattered ...

Speaking of HF, any rise out of him yet? No letter of grateful acknowledgement? No autographed picture? Not even a teensy, well-meaning lawsuit? He must have realized by now that we're harmless when dealt with from a safe distance. He's probably trying desperately to take a well-earned vacation before the promo for EMPIRE drags his reluctant kisser back before the public eye. Rest in peace, Harrison ....

Bev Clark, 1950 Cooley Ave., #5603, Palo Alto, Cal. 94303

I'm glad you aren't going to adopt a fawning attitude toward Ford. For instance, I agree with you on the review of "Force 10"; I enjoyed it but it had a lot of problems, not the least of which was Harrison's less than totally inspired performance. I think the cartoon should have had something to say about blowing up the director, too; admittedly he didn't have much to work with in the script, but his penchant for strange angles, shots cut off at the ankles, and long-distance shots in which you couldn't tell the people from the rocks didn't help the picture any.

I kept waiting for the jeans to fall off the nonexistant hips in HEROES. Too bad ....

Denise Edwards, 6 Prospect Place, Newark, NJ 07103

I'm glad somebody has put together something solely on Harrison Ford. I especially like the movie reviews by Elyse Dickenson and a person named Kelly Hill. I also like the letters of comment and Martynn's delicious-looking sketch on page 5. However, other than SW I consider HEROES to be Harrison's finest performance.

I wish to comment on the rumors of HF possibly being killed off in the sequel. I have something to say pro and con:

(1) I can see the logic for it. HF is not appearing in part 3 ((this is still being negotiated)) and I think merely writing Han out of the story won't work. Han, Luke and Leia are a team that stick together. Lucas and co. have to explain his absense somehow and killing him off is the only way. In part 3 Han can be either mentioned by name or recalled in flashbacks.

(2) I have an argument against Han's rumored death as well. HF and Han Solo probably have an equal number of fans (me being one). I think SW fans would resent Lucas allowing Han to be killed off because he is the most popular character. I also think fans may not flock to see part 3. Personally, I may go see part 3 but without Han I won't be in any hurry to get to a theatre.

Michele Quesnel, 6830-112A St., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6H 3K6

Received my copy of FACETS today and read it with great enjoyment; thank you. My favorite bit was Pat Carpenter's "Solo Song", and whoever did your front cover illustration has my vote for best artist of the issue. Never thought I'd like anyone's art more than Martynn's....

I felt that HANOVER STREET suffered from unnecessarily hokey dialogue at the beginning ("Something's happening here") and right at the end ("You've gotta go to him, and I've gotta turn and walk away") but was, apart from that, an excellent movie. I've seen it seven times. HF is, of course, excellent; my favorite scene is the one after the Christmas party, when Halloran tells Margaret he needs her to put him back together again. Fantastically handled! However, I felt the "Damn you, Patman!" was over played. Everyone's entitled to one bad scene.

Yes, I noticed the "Oy Vey" expression in the truck in FORCE 10. I wondered about it at the time, concluding that HF was probably asking himself, "What the hell am I doing in this movie???" I liked the film but only because of HF. Even Edward Fox, of whom I'm rather a fan, couldn't have saved it for me if it hadn't been for him. It's a good thing Alister McLean's not dead, because he'd be turning over in his grave if he was.

Lisa Adolf, 5202 Beach Drive , Bremerton, WA 98310

Harrison (my mother and roomie agree) is one of the few actors around today that is a truly talented, instinctive actor -- and his role in FRISCO KID proves it. The play of emotions, the nuances, the actions that make Tommy Lillard come alive, are the product of a great talent, the likes of which are rare in Hollywood today. I don't compliment lightly -- if I like an actor's face or body alone and not his acting I'll say so. What I'm saying isn't coming from intellectualization of physical attraction. Of all the films I've seen this year, of all the actors I've watched, none have moved me by their performances as Harrison did -- especially in HANOVER STREET and FRISCO KID. I want to see more films with such quality performances!

Nancy Patrick, Box 115, Clune, PA 15727

FACETS was a fine first zine. The artwork is excellent and I loved Martynn's cartoon on page 3. I don't have a better caption but a few of my crazy friends might after I pass FACETS along. I really like your editorial policy although I think you were a bit too hard on Judith Crist. Generally speaking I think she is a fair and knowledgeable reviewer but since I haven't read any of her reviews in the Saturday Review lately she may have changed. Now Rex Reed, Pauline Kael, etc., are different stories altogether. I like the two guys who do the movie reviews for the PBS stations, they're entertaining but in general I disagree with them as much as they disagree with each other. They didn't care for FRISCO KID. Case closed.

"The Possessed" synopsis was quite good. Generally I don't care for such movies. I did see CARRIE. You couldn't pay me to sit through THE EXORCIST. I did watch "The Possessed". Unfortunately I missed the first 45 minutes which never helps. I should have taped it but wasn't exactly paying attention to the TV listings that week. So I really can't speak of HF's performance prior to my watching the film itself.

The FORCE 10 perspective, bravo! That's the way I like to see reviews done. An intelligent discussion, noting the good, the bad, strengths and flaws. An excellent piece. My basic premise is that no one ever sets out to make a bad movie; things just happen along the way and in the end they're like jello someone mistakenly put raw pineapple in, they just don't gel in the end. Given the number of people working on any one project it's amazing that any movies turn out coherently, much less good and entertaining. It's something akin to the old saying that a camel is a horse designed by a committee. Thank you, Kelly, for a fine perspective look at FORCE 10.

Pat Carpenter's "Solo Song" is a beautiful piece of poetry. Somehow I think she's managed to capture the enigma that is Solo. And that enigma is what makes him so fascinating a character. We know where Luke came from and what his destiny is, but Solo is an open-ended question. J.J. Adamson came up with a very concise argument as to why Han's character is so important to the SW universe. Remove Solo and you remove the foil against which so many of the other character play off of. Also, if HF doesn't want to play Solo again in SW 3 (I think he'd be crazy not to, personal opinion) Lucas will have no choice but to kill off the Solo character because to millions of fans HF is Solo. No one can take his place. I know some people will argue with that, but in my opinion to replace HF would be on a par with attempting to replace Bogie as Rick in CASABLANCA, an impossibility. Bogart is Rick, and without Rick there would be no CASABLANCA. Without Han Solo, the Star Wars sequels will not be the universe of the first SW.

As to whether fandom would ever accept Solo's demise, I personally hope not. After all a few folk have taken the liberty of killing Han already, beating Lucas to the draw, so to speak, while others have taken him to the edge in some excellent examples of fan writing. In fact most of the pieces easily outshine the pros. Alan Dean Foster doesn't even deserve mention. The only thing Lucas ever asked us to do was not to duplicate the K/S stories of Trekdom in the SW universe. I'm happy to see that most of us have concurred with his wishes. Personally I perfer PG. If he asked us to honor his killing off of Solo, I guess we would have to agree with that but I would hate to. In that respect though, I think SW fandom would die off because no foil exists for the other characters to play off of. Lando Calrissian, as great as he might be, is not going to be able to take Solo's place.